



Dial-a-Laser

*Passion and Romance and...*  
**COMMIES  
FROM MARS**

*the Red Planet - Issue number 4*  
*Adults only!*  
*\$2.00*



POUND  
©1982





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BY TIM BOXELL AND RESPECTIVE ARTISTS  
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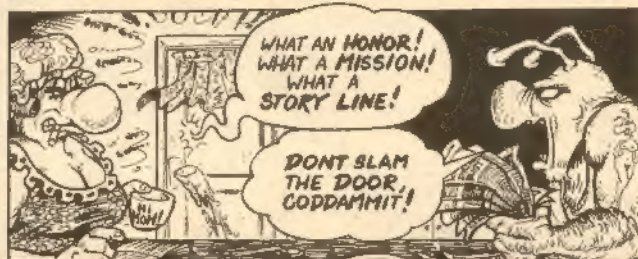
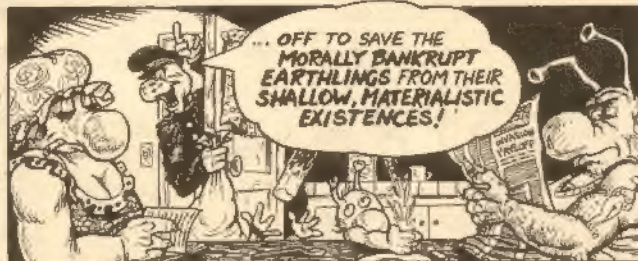
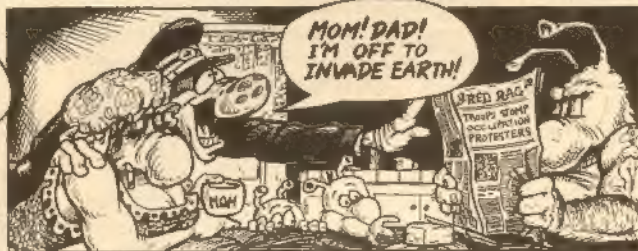
THIS IS URK P. GORFLOK. HE'S YOUNG...HE'S PATRIOTIC...HE'S IDEALISTIC!... BOY, HAS HE GOT A LOT TO LEARN! BUT FOR NOW, HE STILL BELIEVES IN...

THIS STORY IS DEDICATED TO PRIVATE FIRST CLASS JEFFREY "JEFF ENIGMA" BURKHOLDER

# ★THE COMMUNIST WAY★

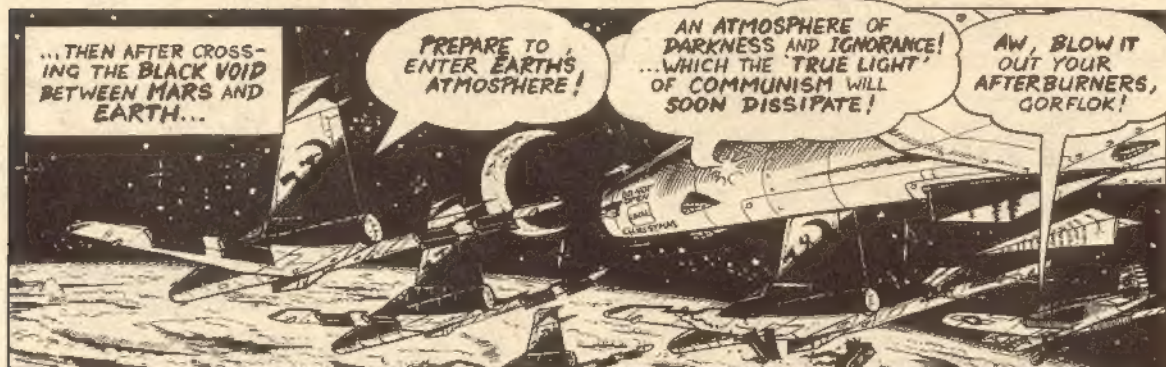
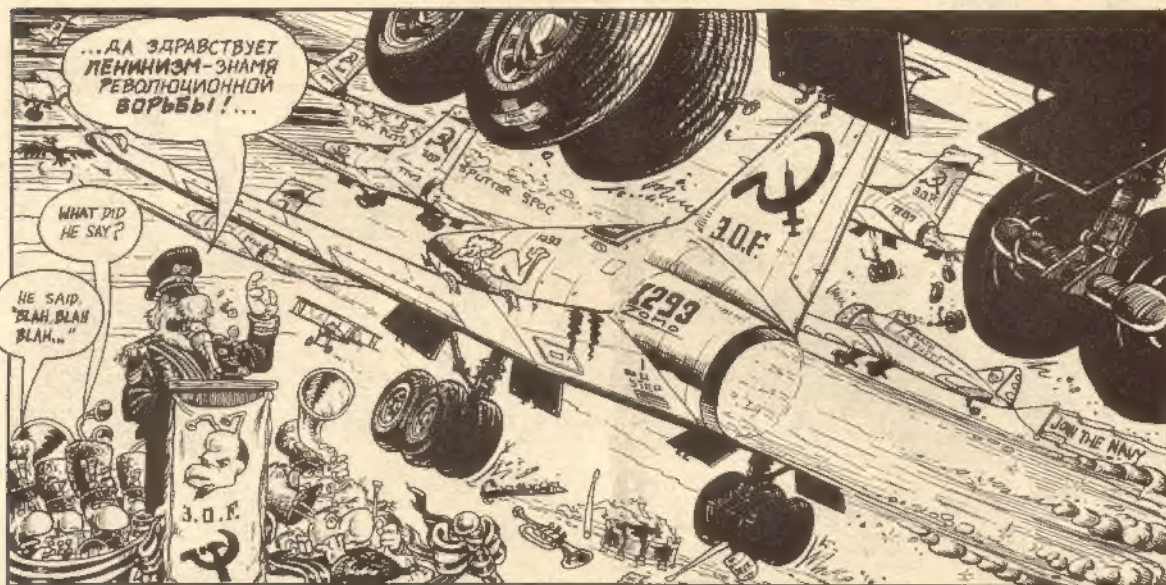
CONGRATULATIONS, COMRADE...  
YOU ARE NOW AN INDISPENSABLE  
ADDITION TO THE COMMUNIST FORCES!  
AN INSPIRATION TO THE CONTINUED  
ON NEXT PA... OOPS!  
... UH, SORRY...

YOUR RECRUITER  
SEES YOU NOW!





A BRIEF STINT IN BOOT CAMP, AND THE NEW RECRUITS ARE STRAPPED INTO THEIR CRAFT AND CEREMONIOUSLY FIRED OFF TOWARDS EARTH...





HMMM...  
SOMEWHAT LACKING  
IN THE PROPER RE-  
SPECTFUL ATTITUDE!

THAT'S RIGHT, GORFLOK... IN FACT, EVERY PERSON ON EARTH  
(WITH THE EXCEPTION OF COLONEL GADDAFI AND A FEW  
THIRD WORLD NATIONS) HATES YOUR SLIMY, RED MAR-  
TIAN GUTS! BUT THATS NOT WHAT THE PROPAGANDA  
BOARD WOULD HAVE YOU BELIEVE...

YOU'LL BE TEACHING THE INDUSTRI-  
OUS EARTH WORKERS NEW METH-  
ODS OF DEVELOPING THE PLANET'S  
BOUNTIFUL RESOURCES.

YOU'LL BE A TRACTOR  
DRIVING INSTRUCTOR.

HELP GUIDE THE EARTH PEOPLE  
TO A MORE REWARDING LIFE  
THROUGH COMMUNISM!

AND IF YOU CANT  
GUIDE 'EM... FORCE 'EM!

ON YOUR OFF DUTY HOURS...  
YOU WILL NEVER CEASE TO BE  
ENTERTAINED BY EXPLORING  
EARTH CULTURE.

WHATS LEFT  
OF IT!

ICE COLD  
BEER!

EXTRA

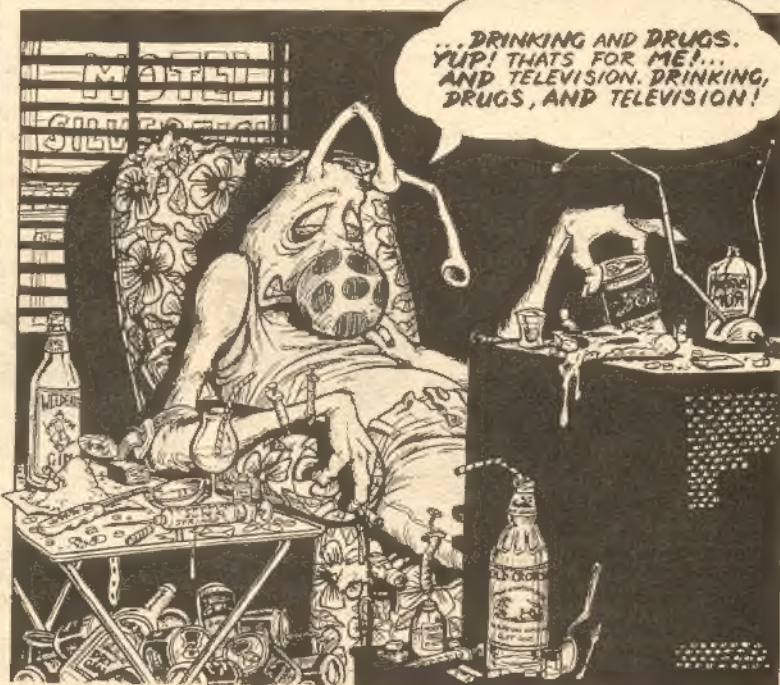


THIS DEPRESSED GORFLOK  
TO NO END!...

HE BEGAN TO SEEK RELIEF FROM THE PAINFUL DIS-  
ILLUSIONMENT NOT THROUGH THE COMMUNIST  
WAY...BUT THROUGH THE AMERICAN WAY!...

MAN... I IS  
DEPRESSED  
TO NO END!

DRINKING AND DRUGS.  
YUP! THATS FOR ME!...  
AND TELEVISION. DRINKING,  
DRUGS, AND TELEVISION!

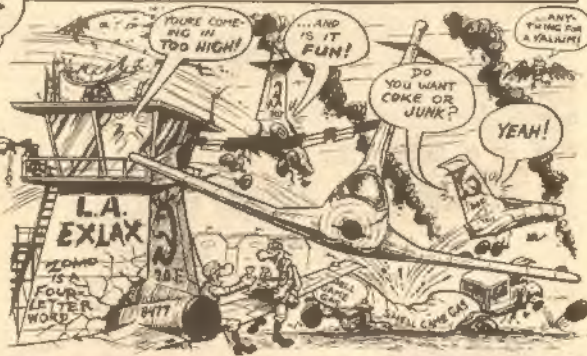


IT BEGAN TO  
AFFECT HIS WORK.

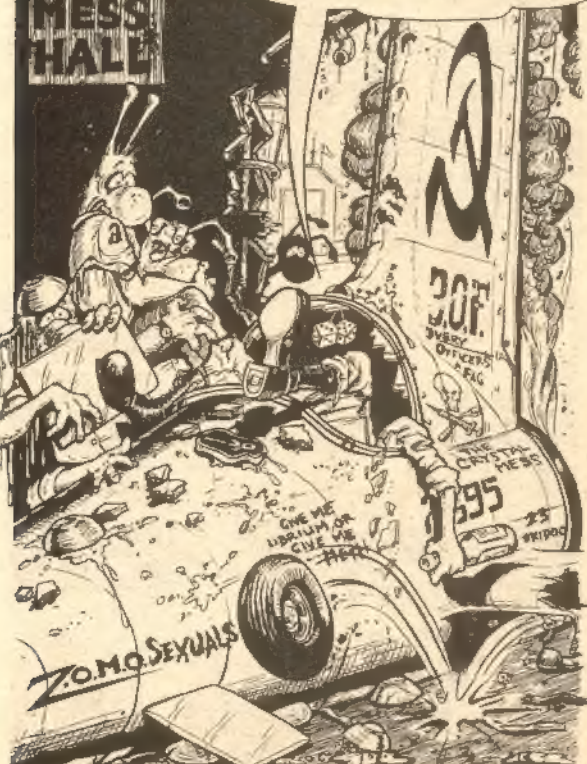
JEEZUZ!  
OVERSHOOT THE RUN-  
WAY BY A COUPLE  
THOUSAND YARDS AND  
EVERYONE GETS ALL BENT  
OUTTA SHAPE!

AND GORFLOK WAS NOT THE ONLY INVASION  
FORCE MEMBER AFFLICTED WITH CRIPPLING  
DEMORALIZATION.

MESS  
HALL



THIS, IN TURN, RESULTED IN A NOTICABLE  
DECLINE IN THE QUALITY OF THE NEW  
RECRUITS FROM MARS.





DO YOU THINK THE GOVERNMENT DIDNT NOTICE WHAT WAS GOING ON? DO YOU THINK THEY EVER MISS A TRICK? NOT AS LONG AS THERE ARE SECRET POLICE AND SECRETARIES! BUT THEY WERENT WORRIED... AFTER ALL... IT WAS THE PLANET EARTH THEY WERE INTERESTED IN... AND THEY KNEW ITS NATURAL RESOURCES WERE BEING USED UP ALMOST AS FAST AS THEIR PERSONELL.

THEY DID SAVE THE WHALES... FROM THE RUSSIANS AND THE JAPS...

...THEY FLUSHED NUCLEAR WASTES DOWN THEIR TOILETS...

...AND THEY USED FLUORO-CARBON SPRAYS WITH WILD ABANDON!



THATS IT! EARTHS FINISHED! USED-UP! BURNED-OUT! SUCKED-DRY! MIGHT AS WELL GRIND 'ER UP FOR ASPHALT GRAVEL!

AND SO... LEAVING BEHIND ANYTHING OR ANYONE DEEMED UNRENEWABLE... THE COMMIES SET OFF FOR GREENER PLANETS! WERE THE PARTY BOYS IN THE BARRACKS EVER SURPRIZED!

BREAK OUT YER SUMMER CLOTHES, BOYS, WERE OFF TO VENUS!



NOW... DOES THIS ENDING LEAVE YOU FEELING KIND OF, LET-DOWN... A LITTLE, DROPPED-FLAT? WELL, THEN YOU KNOW JUST HOW GORFLOK FELT!

WELL... SHIT!

PASS THE DORITOS!





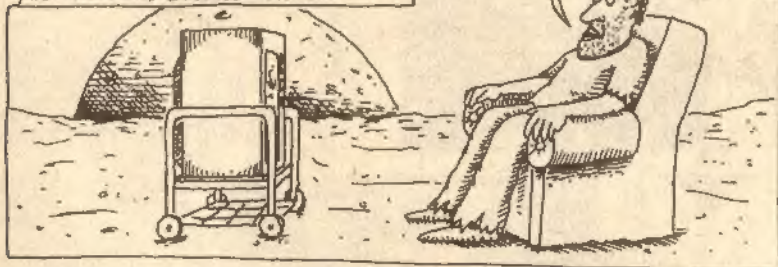
# LIFE ON THE PLANET FLOYD

IN 1968, FLOYD BAXTRELL WAS SUCKED OUT OF A PHONE BOOTH IN A CINCINNATI TRAIN STATION DURING A TIME WARP. HE WAS WHISKED THROUGH SPACE AND FOUND HIMSELF, 6 LIGHT YEARS LATER, ON A HUGE PLANET IN THE ORO-Delta GALAXY... A BARREN, STARK, FRUITLESS, WASTELAND, NOT UNLIKE THE KITCHEN OF A HOWARD JOHNSONS' RESTAURANT!



ALL FLOYD HAD TO SUSTAIN HIS LIFE WAS A TELEVISION, AN OLD CHAIR, HIS CLOTHES, GLASSES AND...

C'MON, PUNT YA JOIK OFFS!

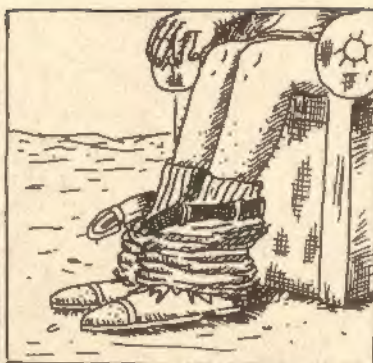
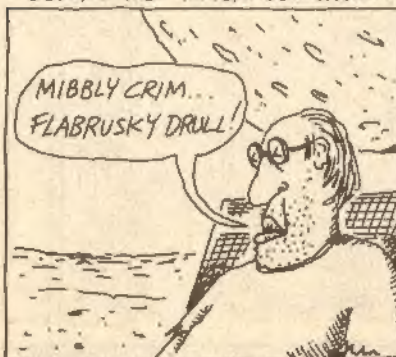


... A MYSTERIOUS HOLE IN THE GROUND WHICH SUPPLIED HIM WITH AN ENDLESS AMOUNT OF BEER, PRETZELS AND OIL FILTER WRENCHES.



DAYTIME WAS PERPETUAL!

FLOYD WOULD TAKE LONG NAPS DURING THE "TOMORROW SHOW."



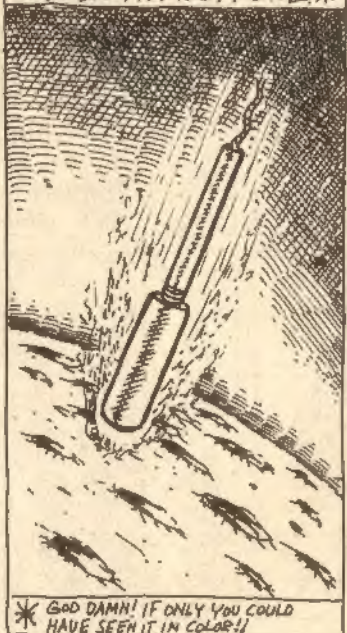
GOD! THE THINGS HE DID DURING "LUCY" RERUNS!

ONE DAY, WHILE FLOYD WAS TRYING TO SEE HOW MANY OIL FILTER WRENCHES HE COULD FIT IN HIS PANTS...

HEH-HEH HETH!



...AN ALIEN VESSEL MADE ITS' ENTRY INTO THE UPPER ATMOSPHERE\*



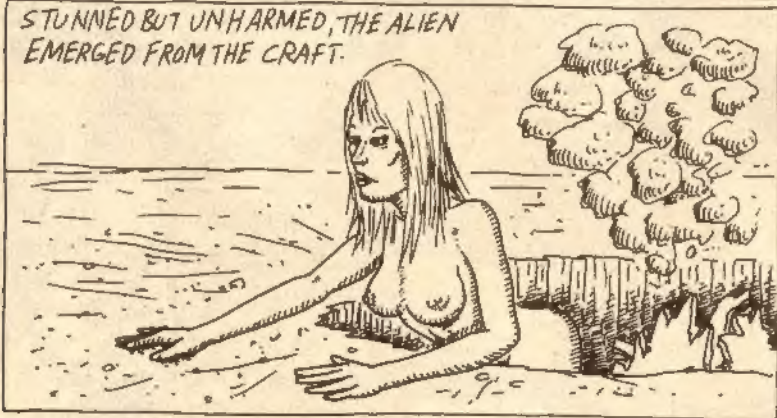
\* GOD DAMN! IF ONLY YOU COULD HAVE SEEN IT IN COLOR!!



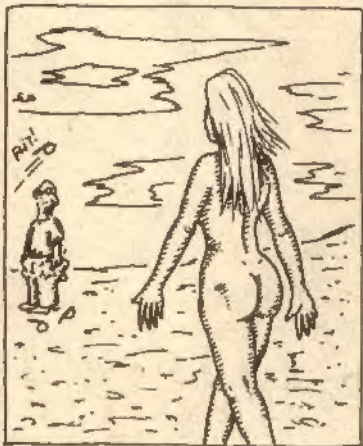
MAKING A DISCREET LANDING ON THE HORIZON.



STUNNED BUT UNHARMED, THE ALIEN EMERGED FROM THE CRAFT.



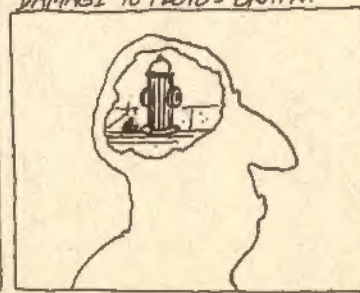
WHAT DA HELL WAS DAT?



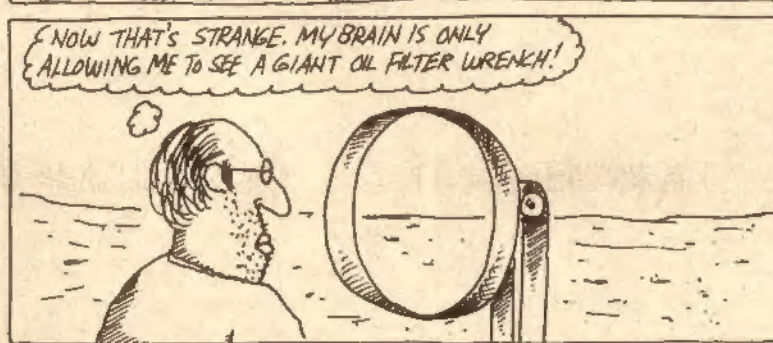
THE ALIEN GREETED HIM WITH A UNIVERSAL GESTURE.



HOWEVER, A STEADY DIET OF BEER AND PRETZELS HAD DONE DAMAGE TO FLOYD'S BRAIN.



NOW THAT'S STRANGE. MY BRAIN IS ONLY ALLOWING ME TO SEE A GIANT OIL FILTER WRENCH!



MEANWHILE, AT A PHONE BOOTH IN A CINCINNATI TRAIN STATION...

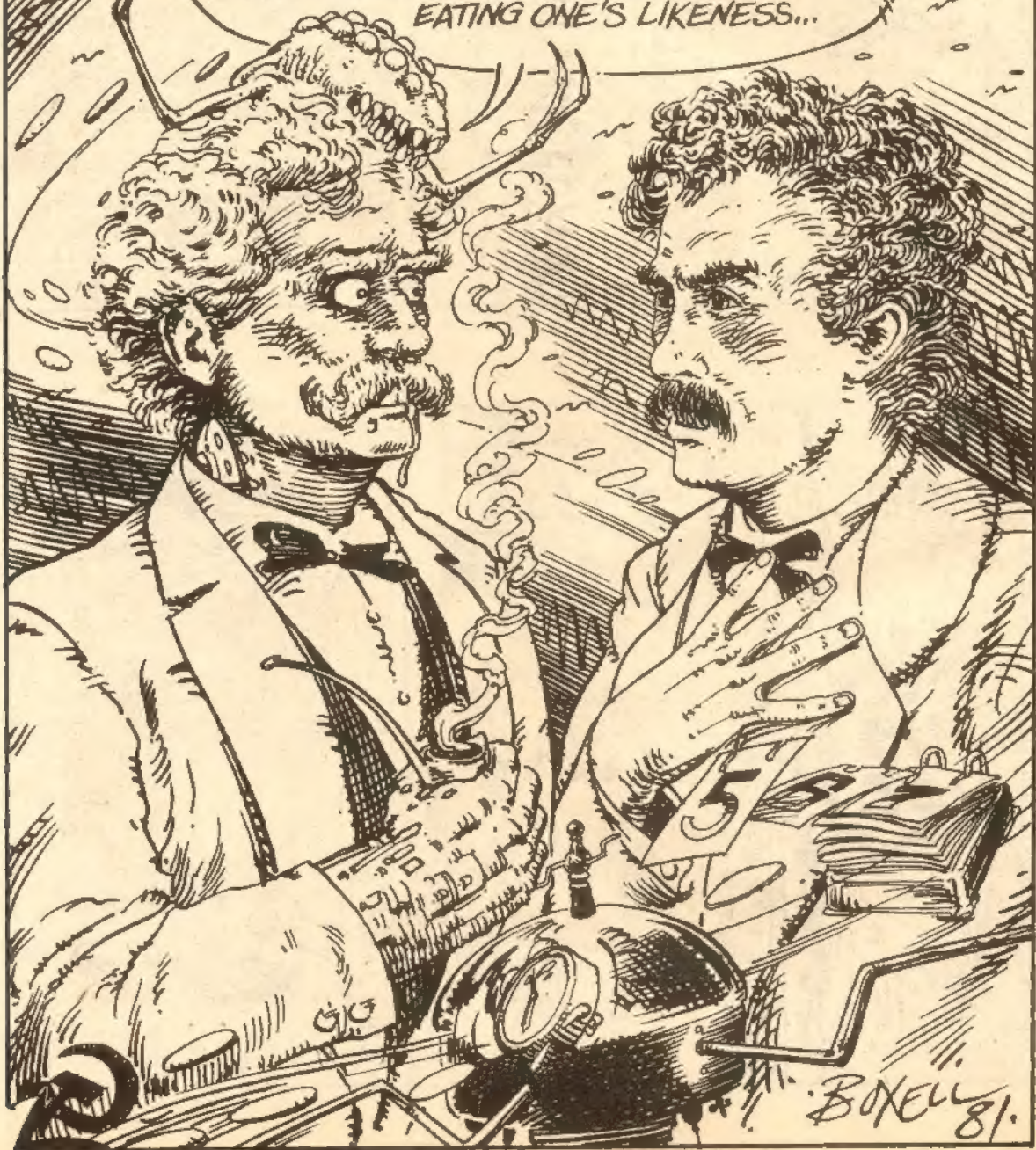


TOM CHENEY '81



MARK TWAIN MEETS HIMSELF AS MARTIAN  
LITERARY FIGURE AND PARTY PHILOSOPHER,  
MARX TWAIN, THROUGH THE MIRACLE  
OF TIME TRAVEL...

FRANKLY MARK, OR  
SHOULD WE CALL YOU SAMUEL, IT'S  
ALL WE CAN DO TO KEEP FROM DEVOURING  
YOU ON THE SPOT. WE MARTIANS ARE VERY  
SELF-CONSUMPTIVE AND THE IDEA OF  
EATING ONE'S LIKENESS...





AM I KNOW AM I JUS'  
A SIMPLE HIRED GUN,  
COMRADE COMMANDER,  
BUT AM RESENT HAVIN'  
T' MEET YUH HERE  
N THE STOCKROOM

TH.S IS TOP TOP  
HUSH HUSH, HOPPY  
ONE OF OUR EXEC'S  
IS NVOLVED IN  
SOME SORDID  
INTERSPECIES  
SEXUAL  
PERVERSION.

WELL WHUT DO YUH EXPECT?  
LET'S FACE IT THEM F L L E S  
IS EXTREMELY DIDDLEABLE

COMPARED TO  
OUR OWN BOVINE  
FEMALES, I AGREE.

BUT  
WE'RE  
NOT  
TALKING  
THE OLD  
IN OUT  
IN OUT.  
LOOK AT  
THESE.

SAY IT IN  
MARTIAN, HOMBBE  
AM I A SIMPLE  
HIRED GUN.

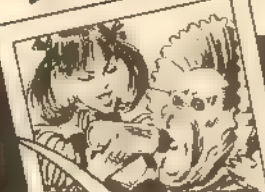
**MAKING  
LOVSKILL**

FOR  
EVE

'ILL BE HUNG! GEN.  
YTZ! GOBBEN!

OUR  
OCCUPATION  
FORCES  
COMMANDER  
HERE IN  
AMSTERDAM  
IS DIDDLEING  
EARTH SLUTS  
SAVVY, YOU  
FLEA BITTEN  
GOAT ROOPER?

NUMBER ONE HERO OF THE INVASION, AND  
BELOVED, INTERPLANETARY HERO OF THE  
FREEDOM LOVING MARTIAN PROLETARIAT



AIN'T EXACTLY HIS BEST  
SIDE, IS IT, COMMIBAR?



OBVIOUSLY IF TH'S GETS OUT, IT'S GOING TO SERIOUSLY  
UNDERMINE OUR ABILITY TO KEEP THE GREAT  
UNWASHED IN LINE...

WE FIREBOMBED  
THAT PART CULAR  
WHOREHOUSE

DIDN'T  
GET  
THE  
MESSAGE  
HUH?

GOOD EVENING, COMRADE GENERAL! SO NICE TO SEE  
YOU AGAIN! AND WHO WILL YOU BE ENJOYING TONIGHT?  
WE HAVE A SPECIAL ON MARTINA AND HER VIBRATING  
RIBBED AVENGER...

NO. I WANT YOU, SIG.R.D.  
AND HURRY, PLEASE. I  
DON'T HAVE A LOT OF  
TIME

YOU KNOW I DON'T DEAL  
DIRECTLY WITH THE CUSTOMERS,  
GENERAL... HOWEVER...

NO, THE  
DEGENERATE  
IDEOLOGICALLY  
BACKSLIDING  
SLIME

ANYWAY,  
GEN. KUN  
HAS ORDERED  
HIM OFFED,  
AND YOU  
ARE UP,  
HOPPY

TONIGHT  
I MAKE AN  
EXCEPTION.

YOU'D BETTER...  
PAY ENOUGH.





HOW HE SPEAKS TO MOMMY  
IN FRONT OF THE HELP.  
MOMMY WILL HAVE TO SPANK.

CUT THAT BULLSHIT,  
EARTHWOMAN THIS  
ISN'T A PLEASURE  
CALL...

THE GENERAL IS  
CRANKY TODAY. I CAN  
SEE I'M GOING TO  
HAVE TO SOFTEN  
HIM UP WITH  
STEELY DANIELLE

BITCH! YOU THINK JUST  
BECAUSE I LIKE A LITTLE  
SEX AND HUMILIATION...

...THAT YOU CAN SELL  
ME DOWN THE CANAL  
WITH IMPUNITY?!

WHY THE FK  
ARE YOU TRYING  
TO ABST...

THE PHOTOS,  
SLUT!

YOU TOOK PICTURES OF  
ME AT CHAT NOIR,  
AND SOLD THEM TO  
THE SECRET POLICE...

GETTING RID OF YOUR  
COMPETITION... FINE!  
BUT WHY DID YOU HAVE  
TO PUT THE LIP ON MY  
JAR, SIGRID?!? I'VE  
ALWAYS BEEN GOOD  
TO YOU, HAVEN'T I?!?

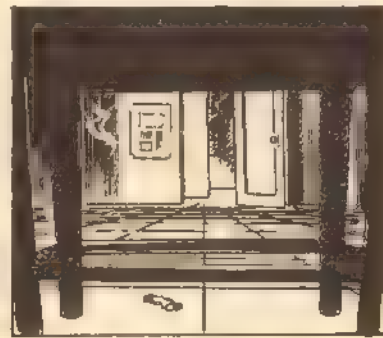


WELCOME TO EARTH,  
YOU GREEN CANDY-  
ASS PISS-DRINKER.

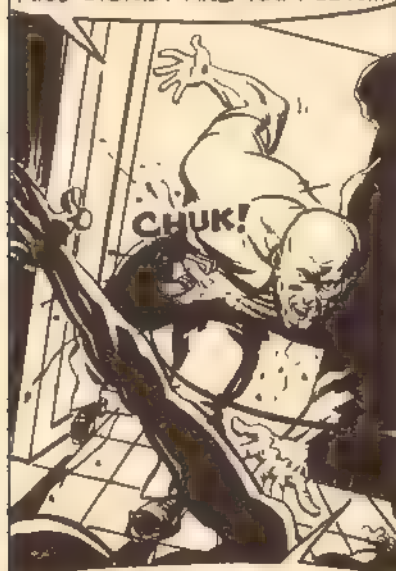


GEN  
YTZ IS  
ENJOYING  
HIMSELF  
TONIGHT...

WAIT A MINUTE! THAT  
WAS A WOMAN'S VOICE!  
THAT WAS MISS SIGRID!



MISS SIGRID! ARE YOU ALL R...



LET'S SEE YOUR BIG HUMAN  
SEX ORGAN GET YOU OUT  
OF THIS, BRUNO!

HEY, CAN YOU  
KEEP IT DOWN  
TO A DULL  
ROAR? I'M  
TRYING TO COP  
SOME Z'S  
BEFORE MY  
NEXT TRICK...

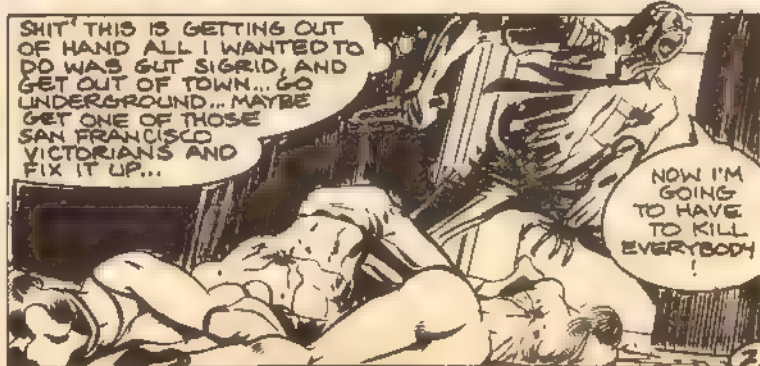
YOU GUYS?



HERE'S YOUR  
NEXT TRICK, BABY.

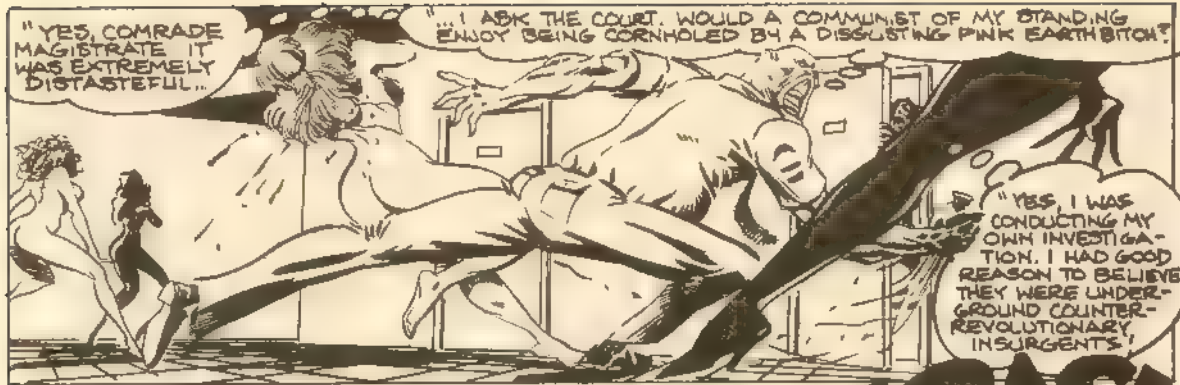
AND  
YOUR  
LAST

SHIT! THIS IS GETTING OUT  
OF HAND ALL I WANTED TO  
DO WAS GUT SIGRID, AND  
GET OUT OF TOWN... GO  
UNDERGROUND... MAYBE  
GET ONE OF THOSE  
SAN FRANCISCO  
VICTORIANS AND  
FIX IT UP...



NOW I'M  
GOING  
TO HAVE  
TO KILL  
EVERYBODY

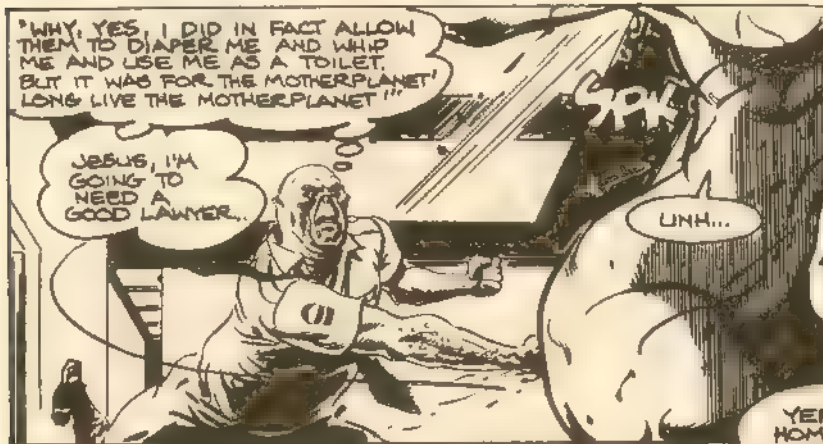




"YES, COMRADE  
MAGISTRATE IT  
WAS EXTREMELY  
DISTASTEFUL..."

"...I ASK THE COURT. WOULD A COMMUNIST OF MY STANDING  
ENJOY BEING CORNHOLED BY A DISGUSTING PINK EARTHBITCH?"

"YES, I WAS  
CONDUCTING MY  
OWN INVESTIGA-  
TION. I HAD GOOD  
REASON TO BELIEVE  
THEY WERE UNDER-  
GROUND COUNTER-  
REVOLUTIONARY  
INSURGENTS!"



"WHY, YES, I DID IN FACT ALLOW  
THEM TO DIAPER ME AND WHIP  
ME AND USE ME AS A TOILET.  
BUT IT WAS FOR THE MOTHERPLANET!  
LONG LIVE THE MOTHERPLANET!"

JESUS, I'M  
GOING TO  
NEED A  
GOOD LAWYER...

UNH...



WAL, LOOKEE  
WHO JUS' DRAPPED IN  
FER A PALAVER!

YER JUS' TH'  
HOMBRE AH BEEN  
A WAITIN' ON...



TERRIFIC. OF ALL THE HIT MEN IN THE KGB, THEY HAVE TO GIVE  
ME TO COMRADE HOPPY. THE LAST WORDS I HEAR ARE GOING TO  
BE AUTHENTIC  
FRONTIER GIBBERISH...

WATCH YER MANNERS, OLD SON.  
YER AWREADY GONNA DIE. YUM  
WANNA SHOOT FER SLOW,  
PAINFUL DIE?

THAT'S BETTER. IF N' YER NICE  
'N' P'LITE, AH'LL LETCHA LIVE 'TILL  
AH BLOW MUH WAD DOWN THIS  
HERE COW'S THROAT!



YEW HAD TH' RIGHT IDEA, GEN. YTZ.  
THESE EARTH FEMMES GOT IT ALL  
OVER OUR  
OWN WIMMEN,  
ORAFICE-  
WISE...



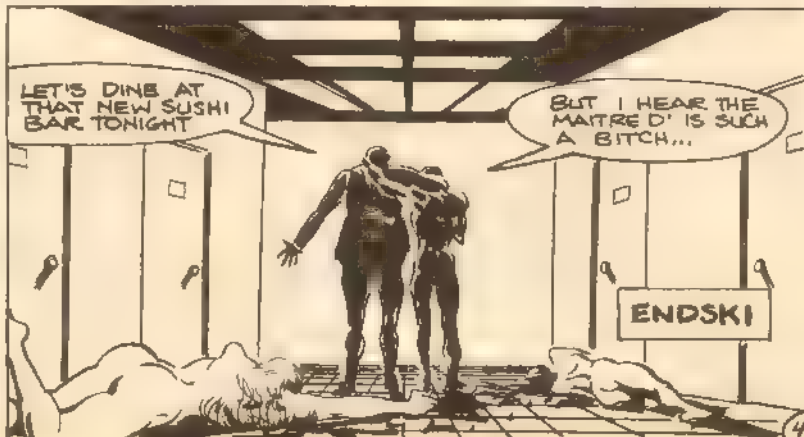
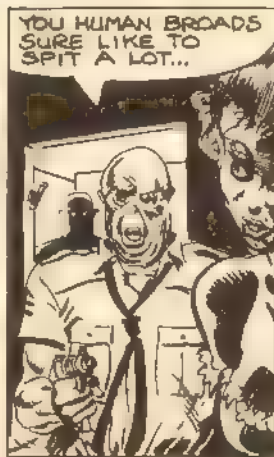
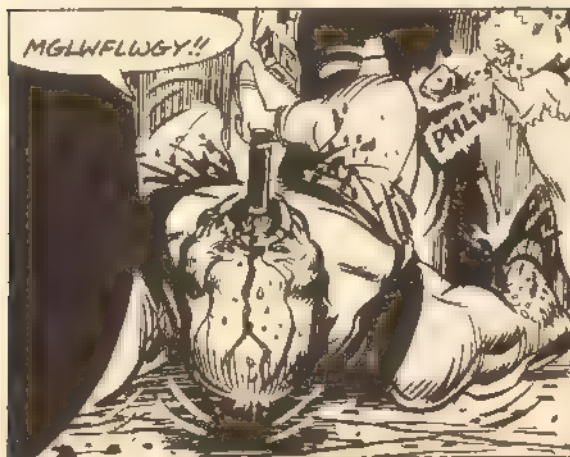
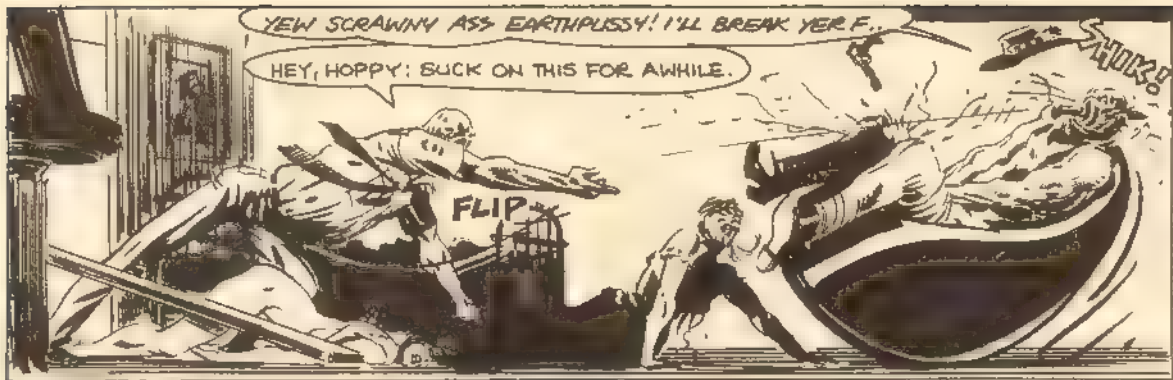
BUTCHA GOTTA SHOW'M  
WHO'S BOSS. THAT'S TH' WAY  
THEY LIKE IT. AIN'T THAT  
RIGHT, MISSH?

DON'T  
ANSWER.  
JEST  
KEEP ON  
A SUCKIN'  
HAW!



Y  
A  
R  
  
CHOMP







# MIXED MARRIAGE

TOLD IN THIRTEEN  
Chapters:

© 1984  
Chad  
Dreyer

1 SHE FROZE IN THE DOORWAY... I SAW THE KITCHEN KNIFE IN HER HAND!

MARGE!

3 IT SEEMED AS IF ONLY MOMENTS HAD PASSED SINCE OUR WHIRLWIND ROMANCE ON THE FRENCH RIVIERA!

...OH MY DARLING!

YES ZYNDUS

2 THE NEWSPAPER FELL FROM MY STARTLED TENTACLE!

4 WE WERE MARRIED SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, A LOVELY CEREMONY!

5 HONEYMOONING IN VENICE!

8 MARGE HAD GROWN COLD!

6 WE RETURNED TO MY MANSION AND BEGAN THE LIFE OF CAREFREE NEWLYWEDS!

7 BUT THEN... OUR RELATIONS STARTED TO SUFFER!

9. AND QUITE REMOVED!

10 ONE MORNING I FOUND HER ON THE FLOOR OF MY CLOSET, DELIBERATELY PUTTING MY SLIPPERS OUT OF ORDER!

11 I KNEW OUR MARRIAGE WAS IN TROUBLE!

12 THOUGH I NEVER DREAMT IT WOULD LEAD TO MURDER!

TRY SOME TODAY!

13 BOY, WAS SHE TASTY IN A LIGHT CLAM SAUCE!

End



"JIMOD A"

BY

REVILLO

I AM MELCHER, LEADER OF THE COMMIES FROM MARS!!!  
IN ISSUE # 3 A GIRL NAMED HOLLY  
TOLD YOU LIES ABOUT US!!



YOU MUST NEVER TRUST SMALL  
BLOND CHILDREN! WHEN WE  
FIRST MOVED IN WITH HOLLY'S  
FAMILY, THEY ALL SEEMED SO NICE!



THE FIRST NIGHT WE  
WERE THERE, HOLLY  
CAME TO MY ROOM!

I CAN'T SLEEP!  
READ ME A STORY!



ONCE IN MY BED, SHE  
STARTED DOING THE  
"ORGAN TWIST."

ROSEBUD!!

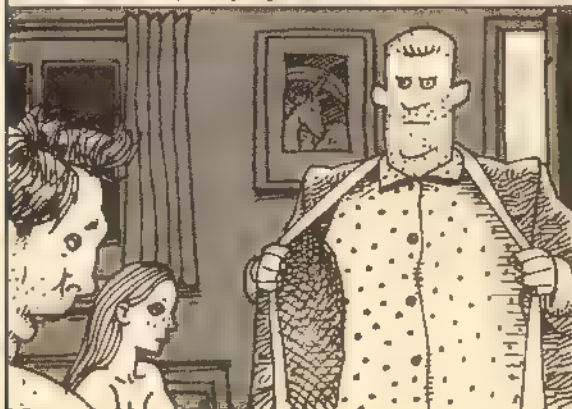


WHEN SUDDENLY.....

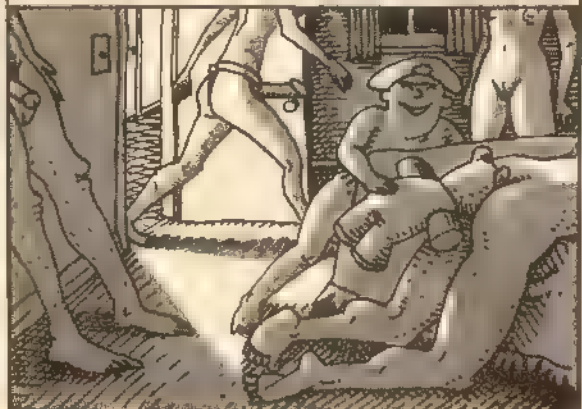
THIS IS  
AN INSULT TO  
THE PEOPLE  
OF EARTH!



HOLLY'S FATHER INSISTED THAT  
THE ONLY WAY TO ATONE FOR MY  
"ERROR" WAS TO PROBE HIS  
COLON-AN OLD EARTH CUSTOM.



WHEN IT WAS FINALLY OVER,  
I HAD BEEN DEGRADED BY  
EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY,  
THE PETS AND A STUFFED ANIMAL.





THAT WAS BAD ENOUGH,  
BUT AS THEY LEFT MY  
ROOM, HOLLY STOPPED  
TO FLIP A BOOGER ON ME.



WOULD  
ANYONE MIND  
IF I SWITCHED  
CHANNELS?



IN THE MORNING, I HAD  
TO FACE MY FELLOW COMMIES.  
THE FELLAS WERE LESS  
THAN FORGIVING.



OH GOD  
IT'S  
GETTING  
WORSE!!



THAT NIGHT WAS HELL!  
THEY TIED ME UP AND  
TORTURED ME!



IT'S BEEN OVER A  
YEAR SINCE THAT NIGHT.  
I'VE LOST MY POSITION  
AS LEADER OF THE  
COMMIES AND AM NOW  
A FRY CHEF AT AN  
ASTRO-BURGER!



SOMETIMES HOLLY  
COMES INTO THE  
ASTRO-BURGER  
JUST TO TAUNT ME!!



MEANWHILE, BACK ON MARS  
MRS. MELCHER LONGS FOR  
THE RETURN OF HER HUSBAND.



EVERY NIGHT MRS. MELCHER  
DREAMS OF HER HUSBANDS  
HAPPY HOMECOMING!

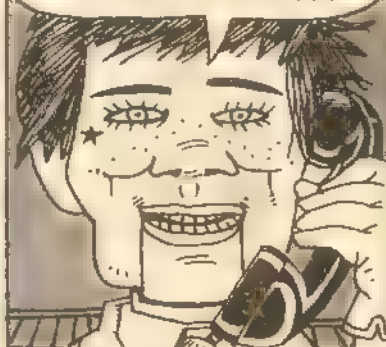




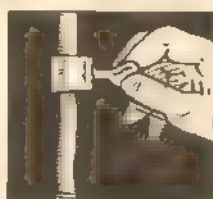
I THINK MELCHER IS A BAD MAN WHO SHOULD BE TORTURED.



FOR SOME FOLKS READING COMICS IS TORTURE! BE MORE SPECIFIC TOOTS!



FOR OPENERS, AN OIL OF WINTERGREEN ENEMA WOULD BE REAL SWELL!



MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER PART OF THE SAME COMIC BOOK....

GOOD LORD SARGE! I NEVER SEEN NOTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE!

I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS AT ALL!

YUCK!



HEY SARGE, DID YOU NOTICE THESE TEETH MARKS ALL OVER THE NECK AND BODY?

YES, AND THERE ARE WOOD SPLINTERS AND CHIPS OF WHITE PAINT TOO!



THE CLUES LEAD THE POLICE TO "FOXY'S," A PUPPET BAR ON EAST BROADWAY.

POLICE PAL OPEN UP!



WE'RE LOOKING FOR A VIOLENT PUPPET WHO HAS A THING FOR YOUNG WHITE GIRLS!!

SORRY OFFICER!



LATER:

STAR? YEAH, THIS IS DANNY THE DUMMY...





AND SO, WE HAVE LOOKED  
AT CONFLICTING REPORTS  
FROM HOLLY AND MELCHER  
OF THE COMMIES FROM MARS!



HELP!  
MOMMY!



AND NOW, IT'S TIME FOR  
YOU THE READERS TO  
DECIDE! JUST CALL THE  
NUMBER LISTED BELOW  
AND TELL US WHAT YOU THINK!



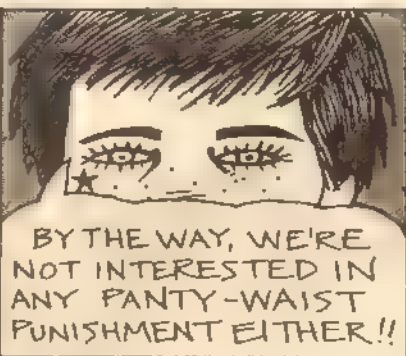
DO BELIEVE HOLLY WAS TELLING  
THE TRUTH? ☐ YES ☐ NO



OR, DID YOU BELIEVE THE STORY  
PUT FORWARD BY THE HAPLESS  
MELCHER? ☐ YES ☐ NO



WHEN YOU CALL IN,  
DON'T FORGET TO  
TELL US HOW YOU  
THINK THE GUILTY  
SHOULD BE PUNISHED!



BY THE WAY, WE'RE  
NOT INTERESTED IN  
ANY PANTY-WAIST  
PUNISHMENT EITHER!!

THAT'S RIGHT FOLKS  
WE'RE TALKING  
SUPER-CRUEL NOW.



OUR FIRST CALLER ASKS:  
WAS I EVER THE HOST OF  
THE NEWLY-WED GAME?

NO.

AND BEFORE  
I FORGET,  
FUCK YOU.

BYE!



HELLO? IS THIS THE PUPPET  
WHO WAS IN THE LAST PANEL?  
WELL, I THINK HOLLY WAS  
TELLING THE TRUTH!





HELLO? OH, IT'S YOU!  
DANNY, I'VE ASKED YOU  
NOT TO...WHAT? THE  
POLICE? GOTTA GO  
NOW, BYE!



WE WILL NOW PAUSE SO  
THAT THE CHARACTERS  
IN THIS STORY CAN TAKE  
A BREAK AND USE THE  
RESTROOMS, SMOKE, ETC.

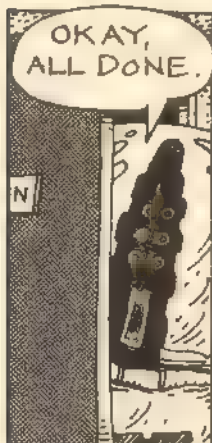


I'M  
HURRYING!  
WHAT DO  
YOU WANT ME  
TO DO?

MEN

PINCH  
OFF A  
BIG ONE?

OKAY,  
ALL DONE.



OUR STORY RESUMES.

THIS MUST BE  
HIS DRESSING ROOM  
WE'LL WAIT HERE!



KNOWING THAT THE POLICE  
ARE HOT ON HIS TRAIL, STAR  
DISGUISES HIMSELF AS  
WAYNE NEWTON TO AVOID  
BEING CAPTURED!!

TOOT-  
TOOT-  
TOOTSIE  
GOODBYE

THANK  
YOU!  
NO, NO!  
REALLY!



CASANOVA!



SMELL  
THIS!



IT'S FUSSY!



SORRY, WRONG STORY!

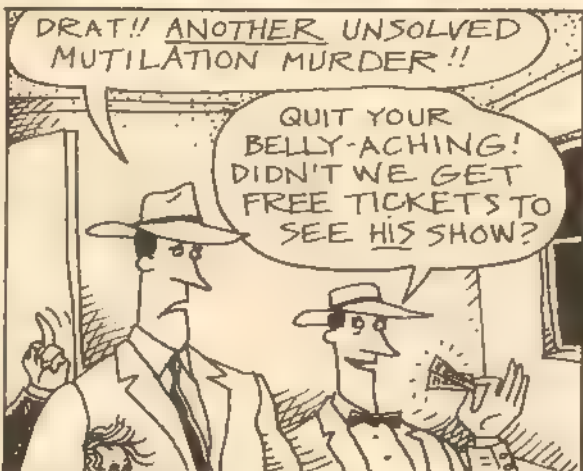
EXCUSE ME MR. NEWTON WE'RE  
LOOKING FOR A DERANGED  
PUPPET - BY THE  
WAY, DOES THIS  
LOOK FAMILIAR?

NO



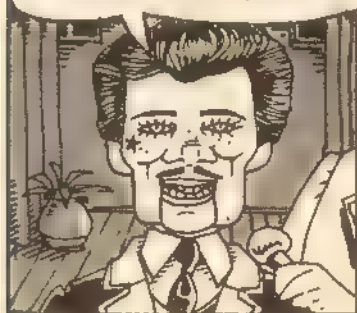
DRAT!! ANOTHER UNSOLVED  
MUTILATION MURDER!!

QUIT YOUR  
BELLY-ACHING!  
DIDN'T WE GET  
FREE TICKETS TO  
SEE HIS SHOW?

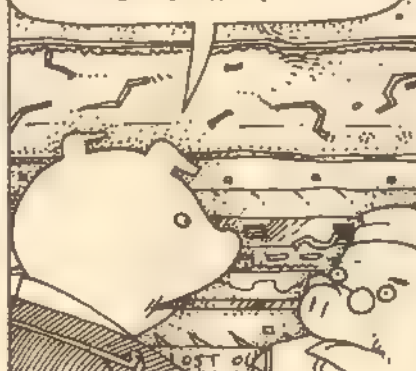




SHIT! AM I GLAD THEY LEFT!! OKAY NOW EVERY BODY SING!! DANKE SCHÖN DARLIN' DANKE SCHÖN!



THANK YOU FOR SAVING HITLER'S BRAIN!

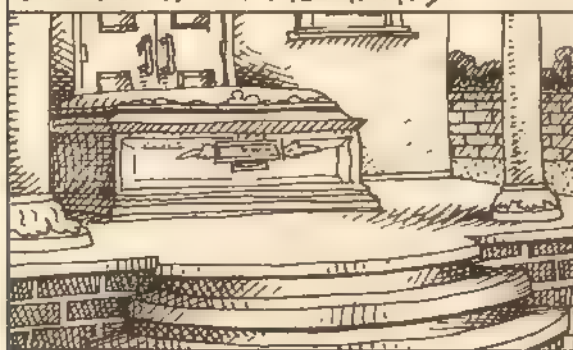


I RECALL CENTRAL PARK IN FALL..



SORRY, WE LOST OUR PICTURE!

MEANWHILE, AT THE TOMB OF BIG ELVIS IN MEMPHIS.....



..LITTLE ELVIS PLANS A **BIG** COME BACK - LAS VEGAS STYLE!

I NEVER REALLY HAD A CHANCE TO SHOW WHAT I COULD DO! I COULD HAVE BEEN REALLY BIG!



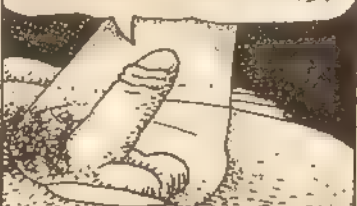
I COULD HAVE BEEN ANOTHER BOBBY GOLDSBORO!



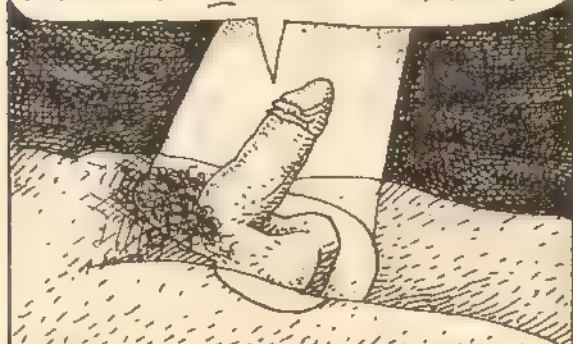
I'LL SHOW THEM ALL! I'LL DO VEGAS WITH DANCING SHOW GIRLS AND EVERYTHING!!



I CAN SEE IT ALL NOW! LADIES'N'GENTLEMEN! HERE HE IS! THE ONE! THE ONLY! LITTLE ELVIS!!



HEY, THANKS FOR THE 'STANDING' OVATION FOLKS! ALL RIGHT!! WELL, WHAT'LL IT BE?? 'ALL SHOOK UP' OR 'I DID IT MY WAY?'



SUDDENLY, OUR SUN EXPLODED ENDING ALL LIFE IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM INSTANTLY. THE END.











♥  
WHEN I CAUGHT  
HER EYES AT  
THE DANCE I  
KNEW SHE WAS  
THE LOVE I  
HAD WAITED SO  
LONG FOR....  
♥



UNFORTUNATELY, HER BROTHER  
AND HIS GANG DID NOT APPROVE  
AND WERE DETERMINED  
TO KEEP US APART...



WE WERE FORCED TO  
MEET INCOGNITO TO  
AVOID BEING DISCOVERED.



THE SHARING OF WINE, THE  
EXCHANGING OF GLANCES...WE  
SPENT HOURS IN QUIET  
RESTAURANTS TALKING ABOUT  
OUR FUTURE PLANS  
BY CANDLELIGHT...  
ALAS...



WHEN HER CAREER AS A  
FASHION MODEL TOOK OFF,  
I FOUND THE PRESSURE OF  
MY FAILING CAREER AS AN  
ACTOR/ARTIST TO BE TOO MUCH  
TO TAKE AND  
I BEGAN TO  
DRINK....



THAT FATEFUL DAY I RECEIVED THAT CALL MY PROBLEMS BECAME UNIMPORTANT...



THE DOCTOR EXPLAINED THAT SHE HAD CONTRACTED A STRAIN OF MARTIAN LEUKEMIA.



I VISITED HER EVERY DAY AND DID MY BEST TO COMFORT HER...



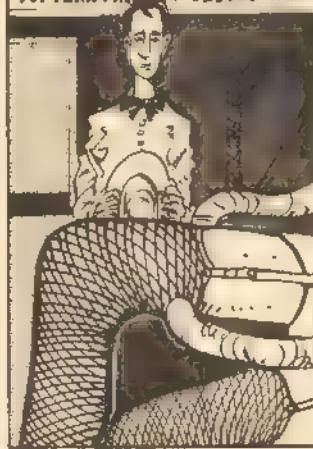
I DECIDED THAT AT A TIME LIKE THIS ANY DIFFERENCES BETWEEN HER FAMILY AND ME SHOULD BE OVERCOME, SO I PAID THEM A VISIT...



HER MOTHER ANSWERED THE DOOR WITH BURRO ON HER BREATH



BEFORE I KNEW WHAT WAS HAPPENING SHE HAD ME UPSTAIRS AND WAS ATTEMPTING TO SEDUCE ME...



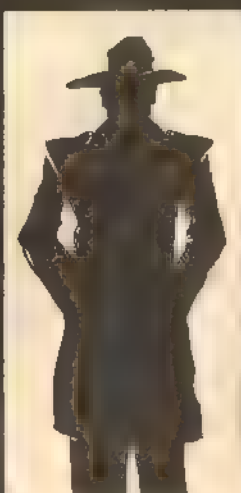
I WAS RESCUED BY THE RING OF THE PHONE... IT WAS THE HOSPITAL. MY BELOVED HAD BEEN MISDIAGNOSED.



WITH THE MONEY FROM THE MALPRACTICE SUIT WE PLANNED TO ELOPE THE VERY NEXT DAY...



IT WAS THAT MOMENT HER THOUGHT-TO-BE-DEAD HUSBAND RETURNED...

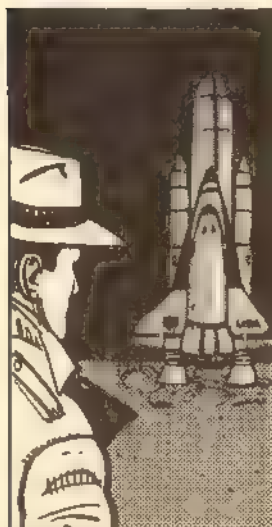




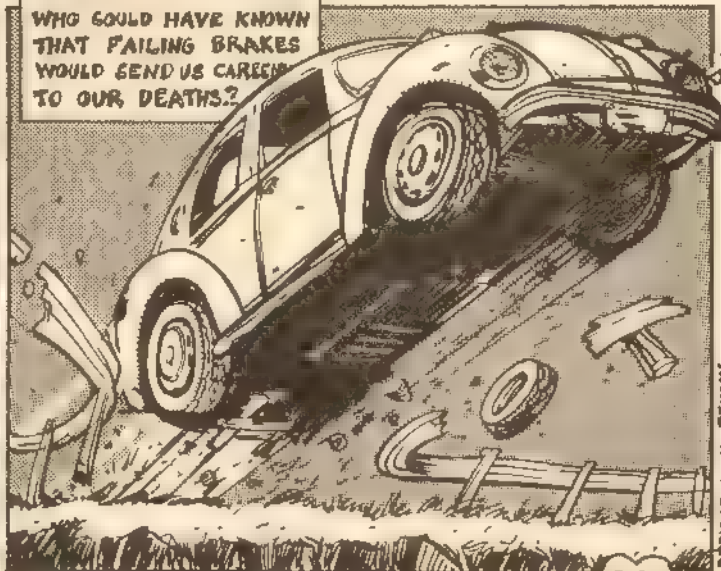
AS I DROVE TOWARDS THE AIRPORT I REALIZED THAT THERE WAS ONLY ONE DECISION TO MAKE...



I EXPLAINED THAT IF SHE DIDN'T GET ON THAT SHUTTLE WITH HER HUSBAND SHE WOULD REGRET IT ONE DAY -- PERHAPS FOR THE REST OF HER LIFE...



WHO COULD HAVE KNOWN THAT FAILING BRAKES WOULD SEND US CAREENING TO OUR DEATHS?



END



# FALSE VIEWS

FOR MANY YEARS THE AMERICAN PRESS CO-OPERATED WITH GOVERNMENT AGENCIES TO HOAX THE MIND OF THE POPULACE AGAINST THE WORKERS. HERE ARE TWO DISGUSTING EXAMPLES.





SO, WHAT IF MARS HADN'T SEIZED CONTROL OF THE EARTH? YOU ASK. SEE FOR YOURSELF. SOME MARTIAN TIME TRAVELERS WERE ABLE TO LEARN THE TRUTH FROM A DOG. SO STOP YOUR BITCHING! AS YOU'LL SOON SEE SOMETHINGS ARE WORSE THAN CONNIES!



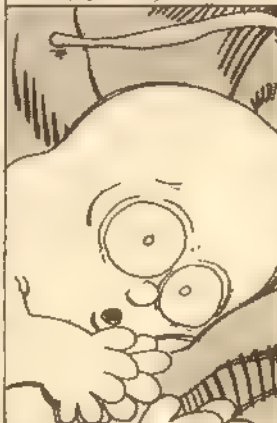
GO AHEAD AND SMIRK, STUPID! A DOG TELLING THE STORY OF MAN'S FUTURE... FUNNY, RIGHT? LAUGH WHILE YOU CAN, JERK! THIS IS THE WAY IT HAPPENS AND THERE WON'T BE ONE OF YOU LEFT TO TELL THE TALE. I CALL

BYE-BYE BABIES!

TAKE A GOOD LOOK HE'S THE **LAST** OF HIS KIND.



HIS NAME IS ARGUL P-TROLETZ AND HE IS LYING IN A PASTURE IN NOVOSIBIRSK, U.S.S.R.



TODAY IS HIS BIRTHDAY IN 3 HOURS HE WOULD HAVE BEEN 128 YEARS OLD. HOWEVER, IN FIVE MINUTES HE'LL BE GONE.



WHY IS A FETUS MORE THAN A CENTURY AND A QUARTER OLD, ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE HUMAN RACE?



IT'S A FAIRLY SHORT STORY. MIGHT EVEN FINISH IT BEFORE ARGUL LEAVES "US."

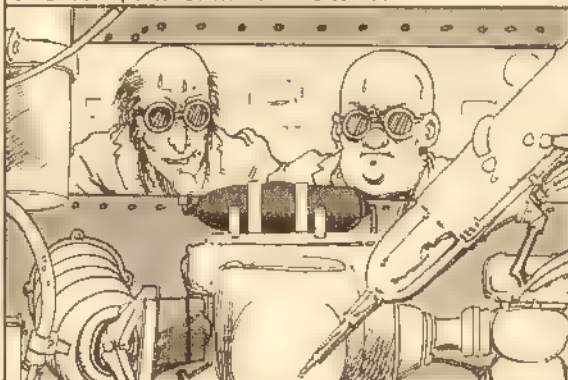
WHILE THE EARTH FACED SHORTAGES OF ENERGY, DEVASTATING POLLUTION AND UNCHECKED POPULATION GROWTH, THERE WERE STILL THOSE WHO SOUGHT THE ELUSIVE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.



MAYBE TODAY'S THE DAY, EH DUPONT?

MUMBLE

AS FATE WOULD HAVE IT, THE COLLECTIVE PROBLEMS OF MAN AND THE SEARCH WOULD END WITH THE SAME DISCOVERY



MARSHALL WILKES AND D'OWD DUPONT SUCCEEDED IN SYNTHESIZING A SMALL QUANTITY OF A GAS THAT THEY BELIEVED WOULD TERMINATE THE AGING PROCESS



IT WORKED! IT WORKED!

YES! YES!

THE C.I.A. WAS AWARE OF THEIR DISCOVERY ALMOST AS IT HAPPENED. THIS WAS CLEARLY A NATIONAL SECURITY MATTER!



MR WILKES MR DUPONT AMERICA THANKS YOU!



YOU MUST BE PATIENT GREAT CARE MUST BE TAKEN WITH SUCH AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY

BUT IT'S OUR DISCOVERY.

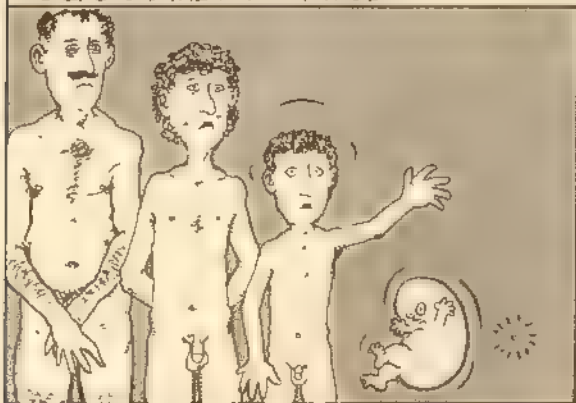
YOUR REWARDS WILL COME SOON ENOUGH

Panel 1: Two men in suits are seated at a desk. The man on the right, with glasses, is speaking. A speech bubble above him says: "WE NEVER WANTED GAS BEFORE!"

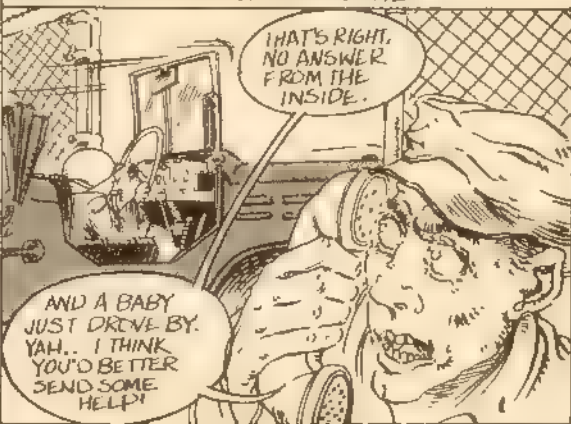
Panel 2: Two men in military uniforms are seated at a desk. The man on the left, wearing a peaked cap, is speaking. A speech bubble above him says: "GOLD NEWS GENERAL!" The man on the right, also in a peaked cap, is looking at him with a speech bubble saying: "HE WON?"

[illegible][illegible]

AN ADULT WOULD PHYSICALLY RETURN TO THE STATURE OF AN ADOLESCENT, A CHILD, A FETUS, AND FINALLY A FERTILIZED OVUM. THE TIME THIS TOOK WAS PROPORTIONAL TO THE AMOUNT OF CONTACT WITH THE GAS AND THE PERSON'S AGE.



BUT THE EFFECT WAS TOTAL AND IRREVERSIBLE. THE BODY MASS 'EVAPORATED' AS THE PERSON GREW 'YOUNGER'. IN FIVE MINUTES ALL THE PEOPLE IN THE INSTALLATION WERE ... GONE.



WITH SOLAR POWER AND A NEARLY INEXHAUSTIBLE SUPPLY OF POLLUTED AIR, PRODUCTION WENT ON UNCHECKED. WINDS SWIRLED THE FATEFUL GAS AROUND THE GLOBE.



ONE'S ONLY HOPE WAS TO TOTALLY AVOID CONTACT WITH THE GAS OR TO NOT BE HUMAN.



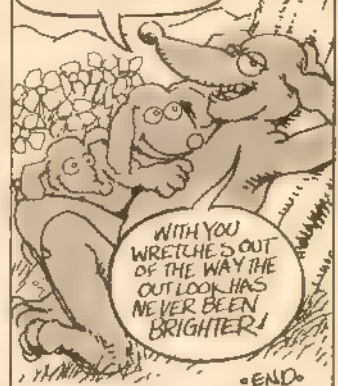
SOON, HOWEVER, IT WAS **EVERYWHERE**; AND SOON EVERYONE WAS GONE EXCEPT...



OOOPS! TOO LATE! MISSED HIM! ARJUN'S GONE. JOINED ALL THE OTHERS. GASSED INTO A STATE OF **TERMINAL YOUTH!**



AS FOR THE SYNTHESIZER, IT WENT ON SUCKING POISON OUT OF THE AIR FOR NEARLY FOUR YEARS BEFORE IT FINALLY BROKE DOWN. BY THEN, I'M HAPPY TO SAY THE AIR WAS TOO CLEAN TO IMPROVE ON THE FUTURE ... ?





# WALL MONITOR FROM MARS



**DOES NOT** **DOES NOT**  
**PLAY WELL WITH OTHERS** **USE CLEAN HANKY**  
**DOES NOT** **DOES NOT**  
**WASH FACE** **TAKE NAP WITHOUT FIGHT**  
**DOES NOT** **DOES NOT**  
**WASH FACE** **TAKE NAP WITHOUT FIGHT**

**THEY HAD SQUISHY, CORDOVANS, ankle Slut slax Tuffy ped hair, pizza n cream skin, Waste King breath .. AND**

her report card warned **DOES NOT PLAY WELL WITH OTHERS**

*Miss Mary school*  
*Stewart through*  
*1979-1980*

**YOU CAN'T RUN IN THE HALLS!**

**HI I'M GLITNE** **OH GO EAT ROCKS!**



**WHY THE HALL MONITOR SO HATED? MENTAL MIDGETS WANT TO MUTILATE GLITNEY!**

**CONTROL YOURSELF! GRIGNIP SUPPORTS YOU!**

**SO THE FUCK WHAT?!**

**IT IS BE-CAUSE YOU ARE STRANGE GLITNEY SPUDD AND SMART!**



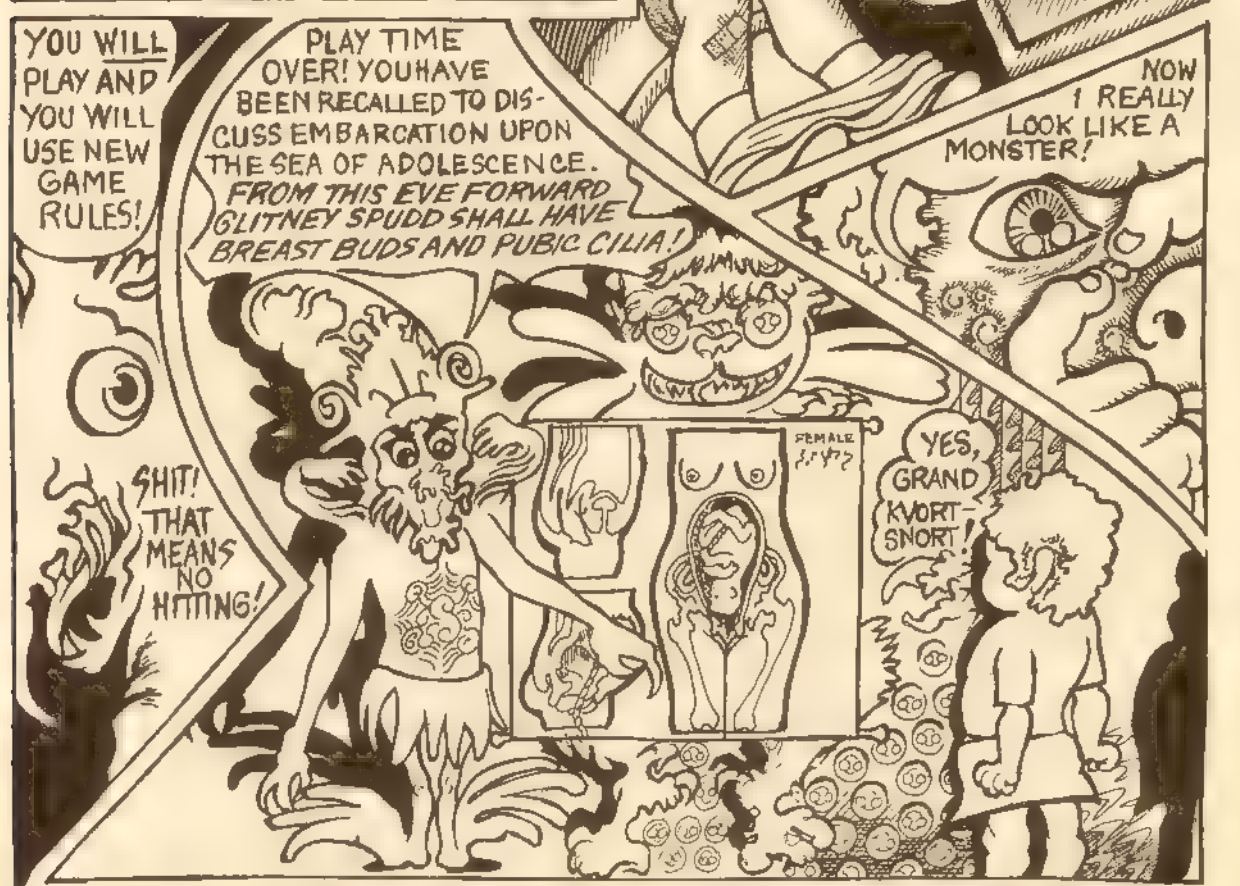
DONT FORGET YOUR PURPOSE ON EARTH.

LEG GO!

I DONT WANNA PLAY!



WHY AM I LEAKING RED DYE?! IS THERE A CRACK IN MY COOLANT SYSTEM?



YOU WILL PLAY AND YOU WILL USE NEW GAME RULES!

PLAY TIME OVER! YOU HAVE BEEN RECALLED TO DISCUSS EMBARCATION UPON THE SEA OF ADOLESCENCE. FROM THIS EVE FORWARD GLITNEY SPUDD SHALL HAVE BREAST BUDS AND PUBIC CILIA!

NOW I REALLY LOOK LIKE A MONSTER!

SHIT! THAT MEANS NO HITTING!

FEMALE 3'2" 47?

YES, GRAND KVORT-SNORT!



IT IS TIME TO RECALL YOU TO MARS FOR FURTHER INSTRUCTION. YOU MUST ENTER THE RING OF WOMEN'S GLIBPERSONSHIP, CONSEQUENTLY BREAKING THE CYCLE OF FEMALE SUBJUGATION.

BUT I WANT TO STAY HERE!  
I AM UNHAPPY IN TENAFLY.

WELCOME NEW JERSEY N.O.W.!  
REAGAN AND HIS ALLIES ARE KILLING WOMAN'S RIGHTS BY WRITING MALE SUPREMACY BACK INTO LAW!

MADAME CHAIRWOMAN: AT LEAST YOU HAVE ONLY THREE SEXES—MALE, FEMALE, REPUBLICAN. ON MARS THE FOUR SEXES MAKE LIBERATION A DIFFICULTY! TOP MARTIAN STAND FIFTY FEET WITH LASER EYEBALLS!

WILL THE TENAFLY DELEGATE PLEASE BE SEATED!

UNFAIR!

BETA-FEMALE LIBERATION IMPOSSIBLE WITHOUT ZORF. PLASM TRANSFER IN THE THIRD CYCLE. EQUAL SPRAY FOR EQUAL GLURK!

GETHER OUTA HERE!

GRRR TRY IT!

HOLD ON! THERE'S A LAYOUT FOR MS. IN THIS SOMEWHERE!

IT IS TIME FOR YOU TO MATE, GLITNEY SPUD. HERE IS YOUR NUPTIAL PAMPHLET.



GO FORWARD AND REPRODUCE OUR KIND!



YES, SIR.

GLITNEY CAREFULLY PICKS COMPANIONABLE CHARACTERISTICS

TOUGH ANXIOUS PUNCTUALITY SCIENCE  
TIDY SOAPS FICTION  
EVERY DAY



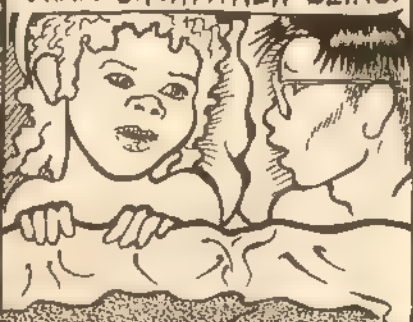
AND HER CHOICE ARRIVES

HELLO!  
LET'S  
PROCREATE!



SHE  
DREAMS

YEARS FROM NOW, ON A  
VORFELP ON GRIGNIP, WE  
SHALL BIRTH A NEW BEING.



YOU ARE TOO RADICAL! I  
WAS HOPING FOR A MORE  
CONSERVATIVE RATIO BASED  
ON THE STRUCTURE:

$$\sqrt[n]{E^n - 1} = x \cdot \{E\}$$

YOU ARE NOT OF THIS  
REALITY!

AW, SO WHAT?



BACK ON MARS AT GRIGNIP  
HEADQUARTERS...

YUNG MYUNG SAM WANTED  
TO TAKE ME TO A NUTHOUSE  
I INADVERTENTLY DWORKED  
HIS FLANGES. HE ATROPHIED  
AND PASSED INTO TERTIARY  
EFFULGENCE.



WELL, WELCOME BACK TO  
GRIGNIP, ANYWAY! YOU AND  
YOUR NEW SPONCAN ENJOY  
A ROYAL EXISTENCE AND  
MARS HAS A NEW ELEMENT  
IN ITS GENE POOL! DIVE  
IN!



I WONDER  
IF IT'LL  
HAVE  
PIMPLES?

CAN I  
PLEASE  
TRANS-  
F  
BACK  
NOW?

NO END IN SIGHT...



NO, NO! GO AHEAD AND TRY  
IT YOUR WAY AGAIN! I'M SURE  
I'LL LIKE IT!



YOU LOOK NERVOUS,  
NOBOY! DOES IT  
BOTHER YOU, GOING  
TO MARS? RIGHT  
INTO THE LIONS' DEN,  
HA HA!

A HUNCH? INTUITION!  
DON'T GET MYSTICAL  
ON ME, ADMIRAL! YOU  
THINK WE'VE BEEN  
INFILTRATED? I  
WANT HARD FACTS!

FACTS SUCH AS  
PERHAPS, BULLETS?  
FACTS CAN KILL!  
AS SECURITY CHIEF,  
I AM HERE TO  
CENSOR SUCH FACTS

YOU ARE A SHARP BIRD,  
SENATOR PONCIAGROSSI!  
I AM WORRIED. I HAVE A  
PERSISTENT INTUITION OF  
- DANGER. BUT I DON'T  
FEAR MARS - I HAVE A  
HUNCH ABOUT ONE OF  
OUR FELLOW EARTHMEN.

YEAH, BUT IF  
YOU DON'T HAVE  
ANY, I DON'T  
WANNA HEAR IT.  
THIS IS JUST A  
ROUTINE TRIP -  
WE REPRESENT  
THE AD HOC  
COMMITTEE -  
WE REPORT TO  
THE MARTIANS  
- WE GO HOME  
AND GET DRUNK!

# DICTATION

JUST THINKING  
OF ALL THOSE  
DAMN MARTIANS  
GIVES ME THE  
CREEPS - HEY,  
REX! HOW'S  
ABOUT ONE  
FOR THE ROAD?

YOU IDIOT, YOU KNOW ALCOHOL IS  
ILLEGAL! BESIDES, I'M A REGISTERED  
CHURCHGOER - NEVER TOUCH THE  
STUFF, THO I SPOSE YOUR PAL,  
"SLOW JOE," WOULD  
WANT SOME.

SHUT YER TRAP  
- I'M CLEAN.

KEVIN  
HUGHES

## TALES FROM THE APOCALYPSE

©1981





YOU CAN'T TALK TO ME LIKE THAT - I'M REX BONAFIDE! I'M AN IMPORTANT MAN!

EARTHLINGS WILL BOARD PROMPTLY - EFFICIENCY MUST BE MAINTAINED.

PUT THAT BOTTLE AWAY!

CERTAIN INTERESTS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN VIOLENTLY OPPOSED TO THE "CONTRACT WITH MARS" - MY INFORMANTS HAVE UNCOVERED...

A PLOT, RIGHT? ANOTHER GODDAM PLOT AGAINST OUR MARTIAN MASTERS! OKAY ADMIRAL - WHO'S YOUR MAN?



ONE OF THE TECHS-STEINBERG. RUMOR CONNECTS HIM WITH THE MUTATED UNDERGROUND

A MUTIE!

UH-HELLO! I'M REX BONAFIDE, UNDER-SECRETARY OF..

GREETINGS, EARTHLINGS! -I AM T'ER T'HWL, YOUR LIAISON FOR THIS TRIP. FLIGHT ZETA GR IS NOW DEPARTING FOR MARS.

FLICKIN' SQUIDS!



AS YOU KNOW, EVERY YEAR (THAT IS, 1.9 EARTH YEARS) MARS EXTENDS ITS HOSPITALITY TO EARTH BY SHIPPING ENVOYS OF YOUR "IN HOC COMMITTEE" TO MARSOPOLIS - FREE OF CHARGE - FOR YOUR AUDIENCE WITH OUR BELOVED DICTATOR, THE LIZARD. WE HOPE YOU WILL BE COMFORTABLE.

I'M ALREADY COMFORTABLE!

HOW NICE

AN' I JUST LOVE HAVIN' YOU SQUIDS TELLING US WHAT TO DO!

WE ARE OF COURSE PLEASED THAT YOU HAVE MADE A POSITIVE READJUSTMENT, UNLIKE SO MANY OF YOUR FELLOW..

I'D LIKE TO ADJUST YOUR FLICKIN' TENTACLES, YOU SLIMEY SQUID!

CLEAR AND PRESENT DANGER MAKES IMMEDIATE TERMINATION IMPERATIVE!

I TOLD YOU WE WERE RUSHING OUR CLEARANCES - LOOK! IS THAT A GUN?

DAMMIT

HE WAS IMBIBING ALCOHOL, IT DROVE HIM CRAZY!

HOW TERRIBLY UNPLEASANT THAT A LOWER LIFE-FORM BE RUDE TO A BETA!

CRAM IT, BETA! DIDN'T YOU GET THIS JOB 'COS IT'S TOO DEGRADING FOR AN ALPHA?

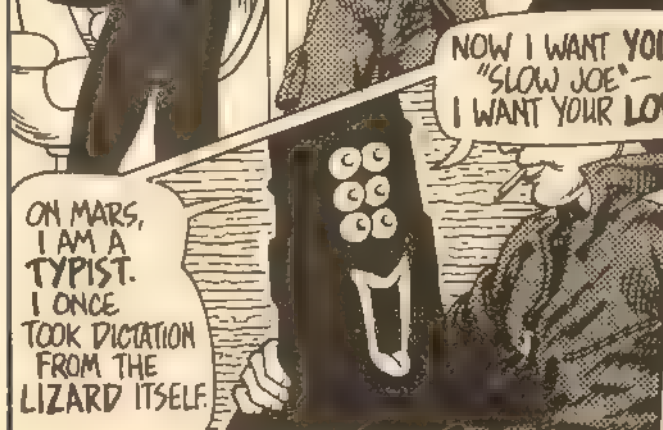
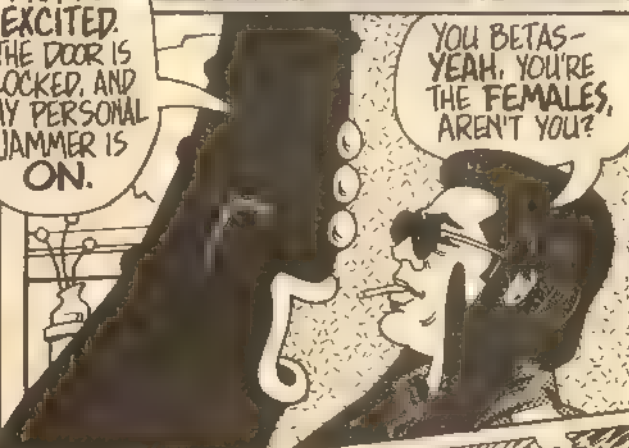
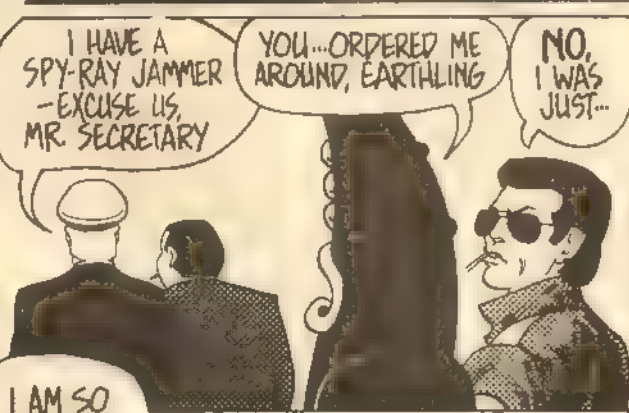
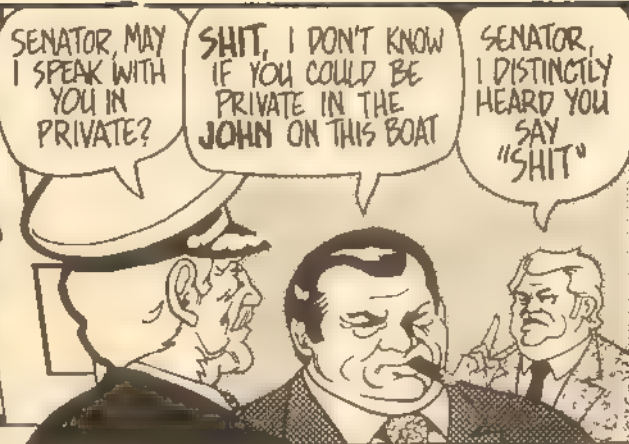
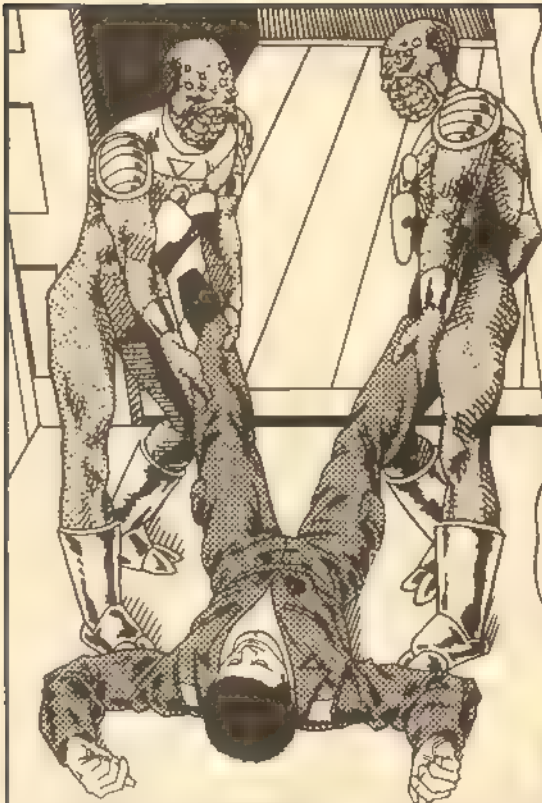
BUT--

YES, IT'S TRUE - NO ALPHA WOULD BE CAUGHT DEAD ESCORTING AN "EARTHWORM." ONLY CLASS BETA IS IMPURE ENOUGH - SO LOATHSOMELY ILLOGICAL....

STOW IT, "TEAR TOOL," JUST GET THIS GUY TO SICK-BAY - TELL THOSE DELTAS TO MOVE HIM - NOW!

THE EARTHLING IS - CORRECT. DELTAS! REMOVE THIS ONE TO THE AUTOMED.





DICTATE TO ME SOME MORE,  
"SLOW JOE" - BE MY DIRTY  
DICTATOR! OH, TAKE MY  
PLEASURE PSEUDOPOD  
PLEASE!

YOU KEEP AWAY FROM  
MY ASSHOLE, YOU  
OCTOPOID SLUT!!

THE BETA!  
MISCEGENATING  
WITH AN  
EARTHLING!

MY CYBERNETIC  
STOMACH  
TURNS

HEY, WHATCHOO  
DOIN' IN MY  
PANTS??

URK!



IT HAS RUINED MY SEX TENTACLE!  
I AM MADE A GAMMA!!

ONE OF THE TECHS,  
SCREWING THE  
MARTIAN QUEER!

DIO MIO!  
WHY, YOU  
BETAS ARE  
FAGGOTS!



QUEER!

I TOLD YOU  
WE WERE RUSHING  
THOSE...

TECHNICALLY,  
BETAS ARE  
HERMAPHRODITIC

NONETHELESS,  
THIS IS  
MARTICIDE!

THIS IS OBVIOUSLY  
PART OF SOME  
SINISTER  
CONSPIRACY!

STRANGE,  
THE FILES DIDN'T  
MENTION TORPIDO  
BEING HOMOSEXUAL

OH! JOE,  
DARLING!

A  
HOMOSEXUAL



I AM NOT NO  
FAGGOT!



AND I NEVER KILLED NOBODY  
WHO DIDN'T NEED KILLING!!



HE'S A PERVERT!  
YOU'VE GOT TO  
DESTROY HIM RIGHT  
HERE AND NOW!  
IT'S THE LAW!

SETTLE DOWN  
BONAFIDE - WE'RE  
UNDER MARTIAN  
JURISDICTION NOW

MUCH GOOD  
THAT WILL  
DO HIM



EFFICIENT TERMINATION MUST  
BE INSTANTANEOUS



MADONNA - I DON'T BELIEVE THIS -  
I PACKED THE LASER BAZOOKA  
IN MY **LUGGAGE!**

"SLOW JOE" - DARLING -  
COMMAND ME MORE -  
MAKE ME DO  
DISGUSTING THINGS  
- AND HURT ME,  
JOE! YOU KNOW WE  
MARTIANS... DO LOVE  
TO TAKE...  
**DICTATION**



END

# A MARRIAGE MADE IN HEAVEN

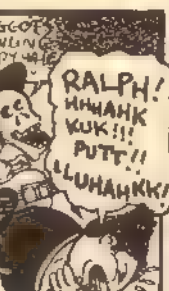
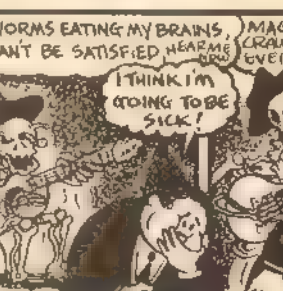
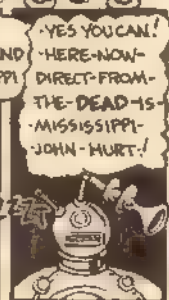
(OR AT LEAST IN THE GENERAL DIRECTION)

FEATURING:  
**OZZIE**

AND  
**FLORK-12**

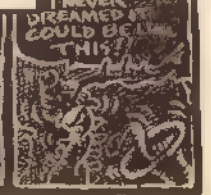
IF IT'S A LITTLE RUFFY  
IT'S PROBABLY B/RIPPEE  
© 1981 RIPPEE

IT WAS LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT  
FOR OZZIE (IN THE CASE OF  
FLORK-12 - WHO KNOWS ??)  
BUT NOW, AFTER A COUPLE OF  
'FUN-FILLED' YEARS ON MAARS,  
OZZIE IS A LITTLE HOMESICK-



## OBLIGATORY SEX SCENE

A LITTLE ALIEN HARD CORE

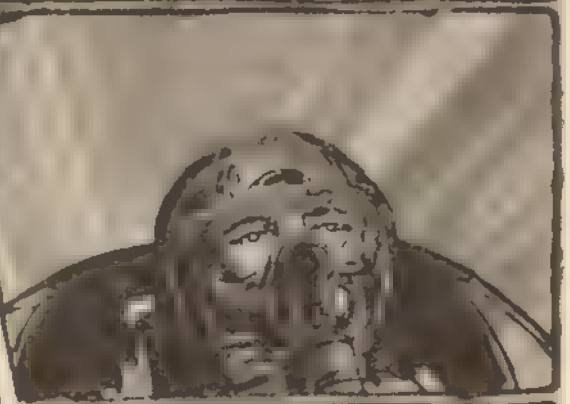
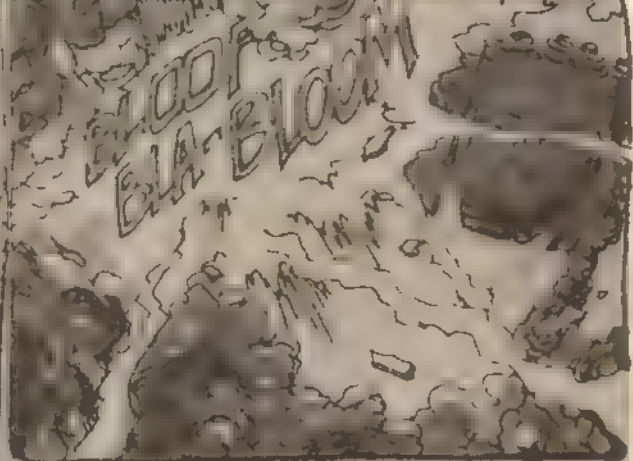




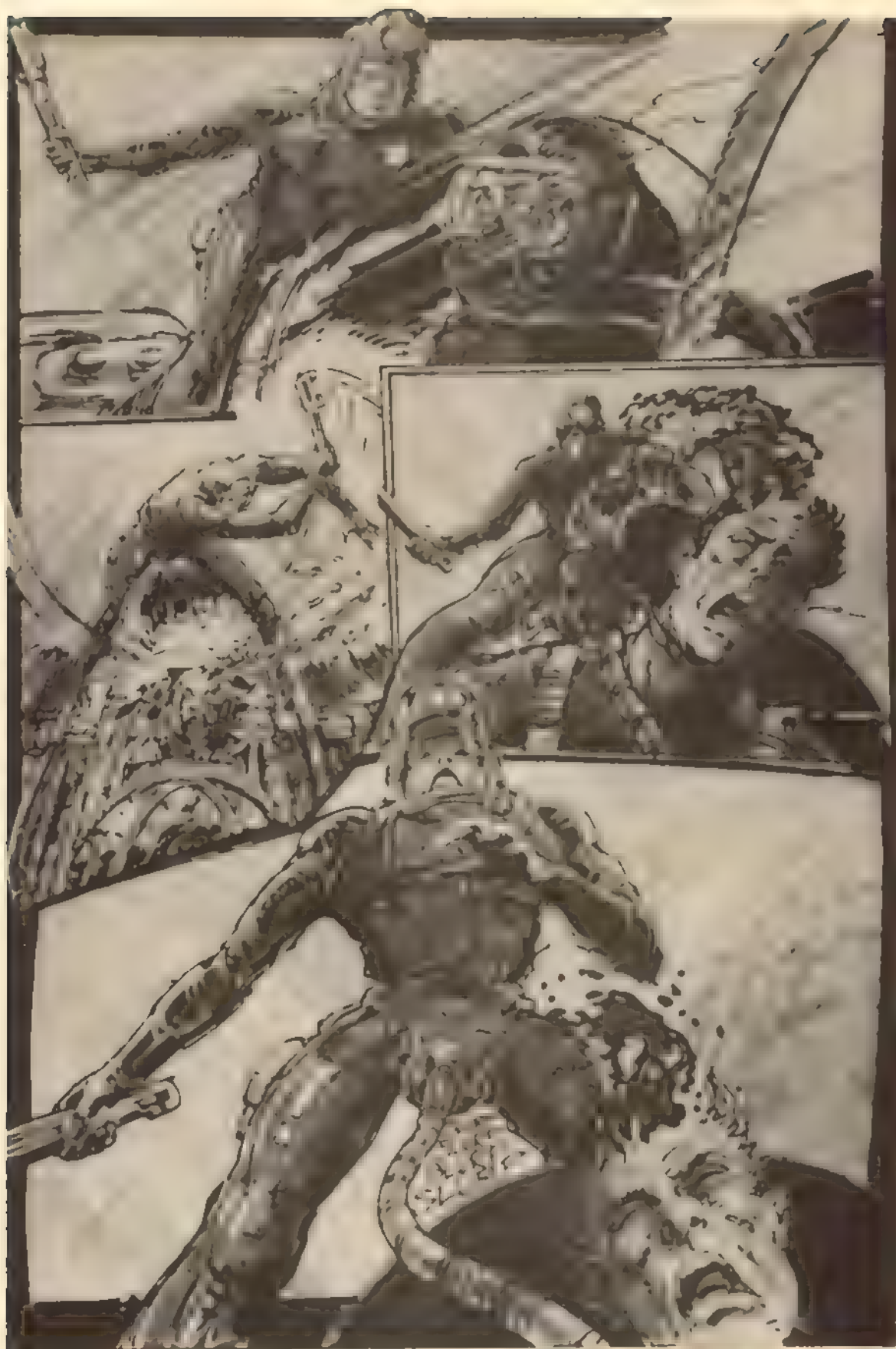
THEY WERE LOVERS. FRIENDS. OUTLAWS! SHE KNEW WHAT WAS  
IN HIS HEART, BUT WHAT WAS THE SECRET HE KEPT HIDDEN...

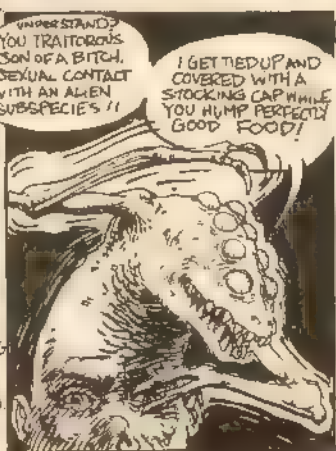
# UNDER HIS HAT.





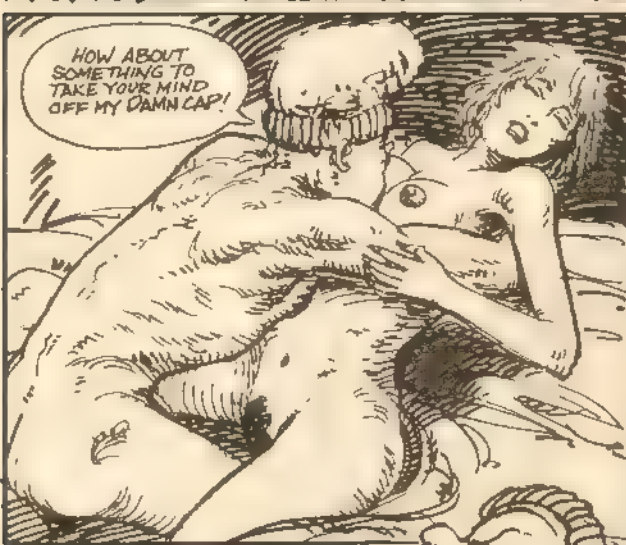


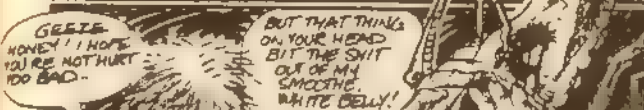
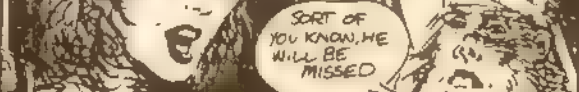
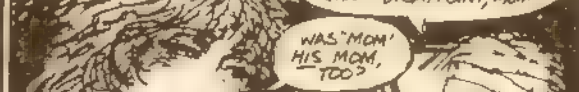
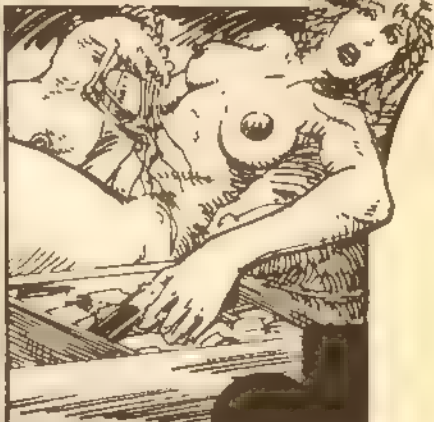






THE NEXT NIGHT...





CLOSER TO THE END.



# ROMANCE IN A MARTIAN SOCIALIST STATE!

# THE DATE

by  
HUNT EMBROU  
© 1981

OUR TALE BEGINS ONE VELVET NIGHT! LEAVING THE REMAINS OF A MEAL ON THE REMAINS OF A TABLE, THE REMAINS OF A MAN VENTURES FORTH...



HE WAS THE SORT OF CHAP WHO TRAILED A CLOUD OF SMALL LINES BEHIND HIM!!

"I'M IN THE MOOD FOR LOVE - SO LET'S TAKE THE MOOLAH AND DANCE .. DING BOM... AH!! KELL NWEET! I THINK I SHALL URGE MY BONES AROUND TO MY FAVOURITE COMPUTER DATE-O-MAT!"

DING DENGLE DING... GOOD EVENING! I'M IN THE MOOD FOR A LITTLE ROMANTIC DALLIANCE WITH A COMPATIBLE SHE-MALE OF THE OPPOSITE PERSUASION! SO... HOW'S ABOUT YOU AND ME COOKING UP A HOT LITTLE PROGRAMME, HIRAM... I HAVE THE MONEY - YOU HAVE THE TECHNOLOGY!





I DON'T WISH TO KNOW THAT!

SNIP... HERE'S YER COMPUTER DATE, SENOR!

HAPH! LET ME SEE... WHAT'S THIS ADDRESS?...  
"WELL, ME LUCKS IN TONIGHT!"

PROGRAMS	PRICE
De Luxe	£50.00
Super	40.00
Standard	35.00
Economy	20.00
Bargain Sale	10.00
Seconds	5.00

The Management accepts no responsibility for your stupid mistakes

YES THREE SHILLINGS, SENOR

HE WAS THE SORT OF CHAP WHOD GIVE YOU A FRESH ARM FOR A FRESH OVERCOAT!

♪ HUA HI HOO... ♪  
♪ THE NEW RO-MAN-TICA... ♪

HE GOZZED HOME TO PREPARE HIMSELF FOR THE EVENING'S DATE!  
AH YES! WHAT WOMAN COULD RESIST HIM IN HIS MONKEY SUIT AND HALF A POUND OF STATE BRILLIANTINE!?



AND LATER HE IS TO BE FOUND ON THE DOORSTEP OF M3

NICK KNACKA NOONIKAPS!

AND, INSIDE...

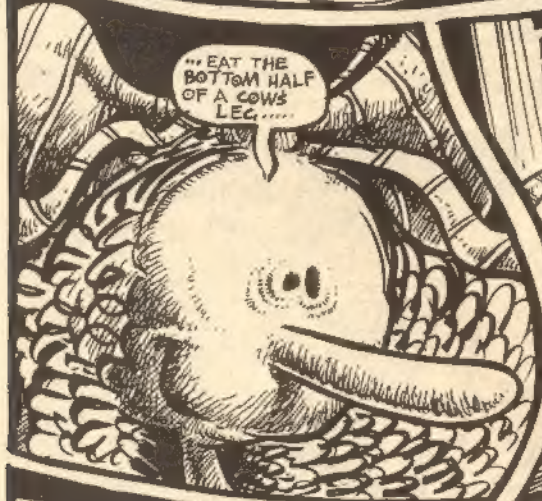
"NICK KNACKA NOONIKAPS? THAT'S MY EX-DIRECTORY KNOCK! COME IN!"

ME...?  
I'M YOUR COMPUTER DATE! AIN'T I CUTE IN MY MONKEY SUIT?!

YOU SHOULD HAVE LEFT IT ON THE MONKEY!

TA-DA!







IN MEMORY OF OUR BELOVED  
MENTOR...  
WALLACE

**wood**





